

Halo: Divine Beyond

by Factornator

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Summary: The Covenant Theology may have made a return, but they are not to blame. The outer colonies have been plagued by attacks and raids, but by someone other than the Covenant. A group of terrorist, that hold beliefs very similar to the Covenant. They are merciless, violent, organized, and powerful. No one knows how to stop them...

Halo: Divine Beyond

****Welcome to my first installment of my story, Halo: Divine Beyond! I hope you like it.****

Professor Brian Fletcher looked through the ONI reports so many times he probably memorized them. But no matter how many time he read through them, he could not make sense of them.

"None of the data adds up," he said. "This can't be a Covenant attack."

"Of course it is," the ONI official replied. "We found plasma residue in at the excavation site. Check the report yourself, professor."

"I did. About ten times now," Fletcher began. "Look, I know about the plasma and it would make sense that the Covenant would go after a Forerunner artifact. But since when have they left survivors?"

"Sir, we are trying everything in our power to uncover the Covenant's motives and plans behind this raid. Until then, your excavation will have to come to a halt." Fletcher could tell the official was getting nervous. It was obvious he was hiding something. There was no use arguing though. No matter how many holes in the story Fletcher uncovered, the official would never tell him what is going on. Now the artifact he had bee working on for months was gone, and he didn't have any answers as to why.

Perhaps it was for the better. Perhaps he didn't really want to know what was going on.

****My lord, it appears as though the Office of Naval Intelligence is onto our scheme.****

****Excellent. Then the time to make ourselves known is at hand now.****

****But my lord, we do not have the resources required to-****

****That is not important. We have the power to finish our goals now. Remaining in the shadows will only slow us down, and I grow impatient.****

****Yes, my lord.****

"Alright gentlemen," Sergeant Louie Blake began, "We are going to preform a drop into an unknown territory. ONI tells us we have reason to believe that a group of Insurrectionists has taken refuge in the surrounding area. We remain in radio contact the duration of the mission, understand?"

The fellow ODST's nodded.

"Good. Now prep up. Drop is in t-minus five minutes."

The four troops scattered and began loading their pods.

Private Steven Cascade forced his shotgun into the small compartment. Louie chuckled at the sight. Cascade was trying to force the gun into the SMG compartment. Hopefully his stubbornness would give in and Cascade would realize what was wrong.

Corporal Julia Banner had carefully placed her SMG into the open slot. Since she did not have any kids of her own, she would joke that the gun was her 'baby.' It was a funny joke the team had, but the gun was special to her. It was a family heirloom, given to her when her brother died in battle.

Private Howard Johnson had already set up his gear minutes earlier, packing a standard issue assault rifle. He was always prepared and neat. He had a hatred of waiting on others since he was always the first to be ready.

Lance Corporal Alex James stood in the corner collecting his gear. It would take him a while, though. As a 'master strategist,' he must carefully assess the nature of the situation and carefully choose his weapons and gear. He ended up picking a battle rifle paired with an SMG.

It was a good team. They could do their jobs and they hadn't failed yet.

Yet.

End
file.